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"What fools these mortals be!"

Puck

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THE PENSIONER'S "WIDOW."



NATURAL HISTORY.

TEACHER.—What can you tell me about the rabbit?

PUPIL.—Its left hind-foot is lucky.

A LIKELIHOOD.

MIRIAM (*skeptically*).—I wonder if Miss Antique exclaimed, "Oh! this is so sudden!" when he proposed to her?

MELICENT.—It is more likely that he thought it when she accepted him.

HUMILIATION.

"I understand that Jones is in hard luck."

"Yes, indeed! He has been obliged to become an agent for the 'Hummer' wheel, after insisting for years that the 'Scorchers' was the only wheel any self-respecting bicyclist could ride."

THE LIMIT OF SLOWNESS.

"He's a little slow, is n't he?"

"Slow? He's slower than a Philadelphia game of chess."

ANOTHER QUESTION.

"He has a bright future ahead of him."

"But do you really think he'll ever catch up with it?"

NONE BUT the brave deserve the fair; and they can not always support them.



A FOOLISH WASTE.

FATHER.—What's all this? I'll warrant you've been buying some more useless things, just to keep up appearances.

COLLEGE JUNIOR.—I admit the impeachment, Dad;—there's a couple of Greek lexicons and a Latin dictionary in those bundles!

ARRIVAL.



HIS WORLD is such a blundering wight—
So stupidly accurst—
It pours acclaim, with lavish might,
On him who gets there first.

But that man wins the race, I say—
He truly earns Fame's smile—
Who stops to play along the way,
And gets there after while.

Emma Carleton.

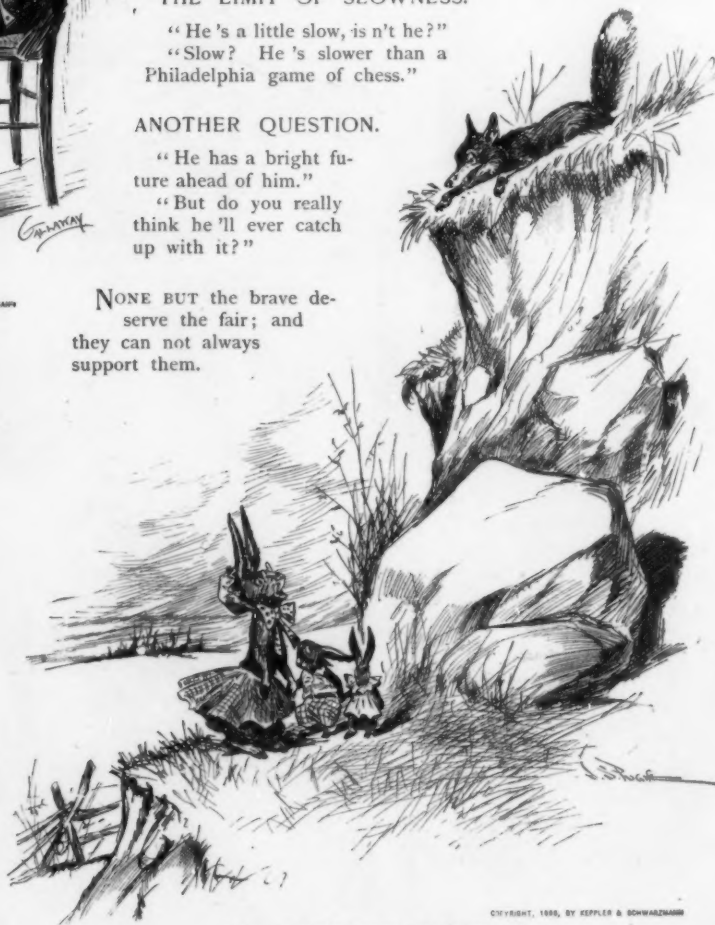
HIS FAVORITE METHOD OF DESTRUCTION.

JOHNNY.—Is a Jingo a man who would like to make war on all foreigners?

PAPA.—Yes, my son; and he would prefer to talk the enemy to death.

ONE OF the strangest things about the female character is the tendency which the prettiest girls always have to fall in love with our inferiors.

SOME WOMEN will use a hammer to drive a tack, but most of them prefer a hair-brush.



AN AGREEABLE SUBSTITUTE.

MRS. RABBIT.—I do wish we lived on Long Island!

JACK RABBIT.—Why, Mama?

MRS. RABBIT.—Because, on Long Island they have aniseed bags instead of foxes.

THE STRANGER'S REMARKS.



"R-H'M, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN," began a meek and careworn looking stranger, arising in the midst of the assemblage gathered in the Spread Eagle Theatre at the last session of the Hawville, Oklahoma, Debating Society, upon which occasion the subject under discussion was: "Resolved, That Life is only a Dream," and speaking with due and becoming humility: "I don't know that I can say anything on this subject to add to the strength of the able arguments already made on both sides of it; but, as the chairman has kindly invited anybody present who has anything to say to rise and git it off, I figger that a word or two from me will not come amiss.

"I am no great shakes at rhetoric, and I have no plausible theories at my command to cast into the balance on either side of the question: but as to whether or not life is only a dream, I'll just drop the word that while it may be a dream to some people, as for me, in view of the fact that the wife of my bosom, who was snatched away from me about two months ago by the cold hand of death, as they say in stories, was a Woman's Rights advocate of the most virulent type, and treated me during the ten years of our married life a heap sight more like a crippled step-son than a husband and an equal, filling the house, at times almost to suffocation, with long-haired men and short-haired women, and holding me up to their admiring gaze as a shining example of how a husband could, and ought to be subjugated, and — er-er — where was I at? Oh, yes!

"In view of these facts, and, also, incidentally, this scar on my head, which was made by having my skull driven through the bottom of a cast-iron skillet, which same was wielded by the aforesaid wife of my bosom, to such an extent that I had to ride seven miles through a driving sleet storm to get the skillet filed off by a blacksmith — in view of all this, and much more which I have not time to narrate, I feel warranted in saying that, while life may be only a dream to some people, as for me it has been a heap sight more like a nightmare.

"I will jest add that I moved here last week from Missouri and have bought the Palace Livery Stable, on the corner of Frozen Man Street and Choctaw Avenue, where I shall be glad to have any and all of you call whenever you have need of anything in my line. That is all I have to say this time. Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you!"

Tom P. Morgan.

THEIR NEAREST APPROACH.

"I don't think the members of your church would be willing to sell all they have and give to the poor."

"Hardly. They might be persuaded to sell all they have and invest the proceeds in something else."

ONE OR THE OTHER.

"Do you think there are too many doctors?"

"Either that, or else there are too few invalids."

IN THE MARKET.

"I see that Colonel Shekels is a candidate."

"He is accused of having bought the nomination, is he not?"

"Yes; and he 'll spend a barrel of money to buy a vindication."

HER'S WAS MARBLE.

HE (after being rejected). — My heart is broken.

SHE. — Wait a moment and I'll fetch my quick-repair kit.



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NO RESPITE FOR HIM.

REV. COLV. — Brudder Johnsing, I am much grieved to heah dat youah reputashun fer truthfulness am not good. As a membah ob my chu'ch you ought not be tellin' lies.

BROTHER JOHNSON. — Pahson, de fault am not wif me, but ob dis wurl'. Fishin' time ain't har'ly ober till 'lection comes on, and arter 'lection comes huntin', an' purty soon fishin' again; an' it jist seems as ef a pusson doan' have no chance t' git started in tellin' de troof.

IRREFRAGIBLE PROOF.

"What makes you so certain that the testator was of unsound mind?"

asked one lawyer of another, speaking of the maker of a disputed will.

"You and every other attorney in the United States will agree with me that his mind was weak when I announce one fact."

"What is that?"

"He wrote his will himself."

HIS OPINION.

HE. — Oh, yes! he's "hail fellow, well met."

SHE. — Possibly; but I think he's better avoided.

ONE OF the funniest things in life is a man who thinks there is a bare chance that the girl whom he adores may like him eventually, when the girl in question has been carefully drawing in the line for a week, and is all ready to land him.

FINE FEATHERS don't make fine birds; being mostly used to make fine ladies.



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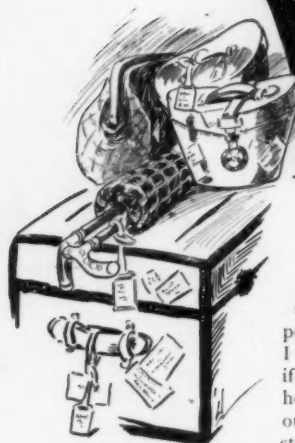
CUPID'S MENU.

"He told me he could live on bread and cheese and kisses."

"What then?"

"I found out that he expected Papa to furnish the bread and cheese."

A PECULIAR ENGLISH CUSTOM.



IT IS strange how any number of intelligent Americans can travel through England every year, and yet fail to comment upon or attempt to explain some of the peculiar customs which excite the surprise of the reader of English literature. For instance, why do all Englishmen wear high hats when it rains? No one casts light on the mystery. Then comes a perfectly phenomenal peculiarity that ought to strike every American with the force of a club, yet they never write one single word about it. Why do Englishmen never live near a railroad station?

Railroad stations are for the accommodation of the public, or else what is their use? In England they are always placed at points inaccessible except by means of a cab. I will leave it to any reader of English novels if the hero, heroine, rascal—I care not who he may be—ever went to the station without "hailing a cab." Under no circumstance does anybody ever walk to the station,

which proves that it is, at least, a mile from anywhere. And, mind you, this is in the big cities, even in London itself. It must look queer to see a great railroad station standing in the open with not a house within sight.

In the country districts it is even worse. You can not pick up an English book but that you will read such sentences as: "A brisk walk of four miles brought them to the Manse;" "What say you, Geoffrey, to stretching our legs while we send over the traps in the cart? It is only three miles to the Hall;" "It being only two miles to the Priory, Captain Softsnap and the Baron soon saw the cheerful lights," etc. Two miles appears to be the minimum distance, and from that it rises to as much as fourteen. My friends, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Elsmere, if I remember aright, lived seven miles from the station, to which they took a spin about every day.



AN IMAGINATIVE ARTIST.

"Have you seen Shortmun's painting of a ten-dollar bill?"
"Yes;—what a wonderful imagination that fellow has!"

It appears that the mails are left at the station; and that makes it more mysterious. One would think that people would want the mails where they live, and not dumped down on a platform with no one but a porter and a station-master within two miles. What a lonely life these poor men must lead! The arrival of a train wakes them up.

Sir Charles and his London friend (who marries the heiress in the last chapter) arrive, light pipes, take a firm grasp of their sticks, and off they go on the five miles that separates them from the nearest house, while the porter and the station-master relapse into idiocy.

The nearest approach we have to this state of things is on some of the roads in the Southwest, where the telegraph operator, train dispatcher, ticket agent, baggage-master and freight agent all sleep in the same bed. But there is an excuse for such solitariness—people do not live there because there are no people to live there. Now, England is a thickly settled country, land is high in value, and even on their excellent roads hauling to the station must cost something. Yet they simply will not live anywhere near it.

If railroads dated back to the time of King Alfred we could understand it. We would know that the good king taught the people to keep away from the railroad for fear it might set fire to their intellects, and then they would keep on staying away from the stations as a matter of course. But the roads were originally run through a thickly settled country; and to think that the people immediately got up and moved at least two miles away, is sad, very sad!

In this country a man wants to get his house so near the station that he can look down the passing smoke-stacks; and that makes it so strange that when that very man goes to England he does not notice the difference. It is an odd oversight; and now that attention has been called to it, it is hoped that some one will give us a chapter, at least, on "The Deserted Stations of England. Why Englishmen Shun the Railway. Origin and Development of a Peculiar Custom."

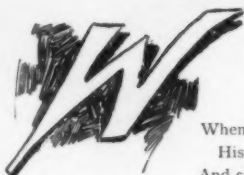
Sidney.



AMPLE TIME FOR PROGRESS.

SHE.—I suppose the underground road will be run by electricity?
HE.—You can't tell. Electricity will probably be a back-number by the time the underground road is built.

WHEN PAPA STOPPED.



WHEN Johnny Jones was six years old
His father spoke untrue,
And said, "this whipping, dearest son,
Hurts me far more than you."

When Johnny Jones was aged sixteen
His father spoke quite true,
And said, "this whipping, dearest son,
Hurts me far more than you."

McLanburgh Wilson.

NOT FOR SOUVENIRS, HOWEVER.

FIRST KLONDIKE MINER. — Placer Pete seems to be havin' a great rush of business down at his store. What's he been doin'?

SECOND MINER. — Why, he advertised that he would give away with each five-hundred-dollar purchase an old-fashioned soda biscuit!

THIS WOULD be a very happy world if people would always wear the expressions they do when they are having their pictures taken.



GETTING READY TO KICK.

FIRST DONKEY. — That's an awful price he's charging her to take her over to the Bazar, but he can't fool her; she's onto him.

SECOND DONKEY. — I hope she does n't get onto me!

DIRECT EVIDENCE.

"I wonder if these American girls are happy with the foreigners they marry?"

"I don't know why they should n't be. They say the average American girl is never so happy as when she is spending money."

WHEN SOME people fancy they know a thing or two they think they have finished their education.



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FROM A BIG FURNACE.

NEW BOARDER (*dubiously*). — And how is the room heated?

LANDLADY (*reassuringly*). — Why, the sun gets in through that window two hours each day!

THE PROBABLE REASON.

LITTLE CLARENCE. — Pa, why do the heathen rage, anyhow?

MR. CALLIPERS. — I suppose it makes them just as angry as it does white men to have their slumbers disturbed by a preacher.

THE ARTIST'S LAMENT.

"True art is to conceal art," men declare,
I'm willing to agree it

A wond'rous truth: they've hung my picture where
No human eye can see it!

WHEN THEY TALKED ABOUT THE WEATHER.

"This is a driving snow," she remarked.

"That expression makes me think of sleigh-riding," he said.

"I can drive," she observed, dreamily.

INNOVATION.

"Ah! my dear, of course you did not have your sewing circle to-day, when it was so stormy?"

"Oh, yes! Edwin, dearest. We had it by telephone."

ALL THE world's a stage, except that women, on the whole, are no obstacle to a man's seeing a good deal of it.



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BALM FOR HIS FEELINGS.

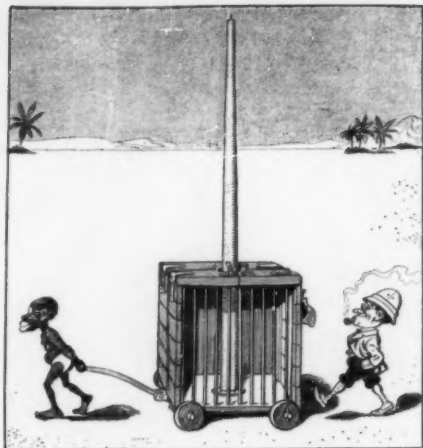
FIRST FARMER. — That feller that buncoed me has been arrested at last, an' the paper says he's one of the shrewdest confidence men in the country.

SECOND FARMER. — Don't do you much good, does it?

FIRST FARMER. — Well, it proves what I allus said: — that it takes a putty wide-awake chap to git around me.

THE TIGER HUNT.

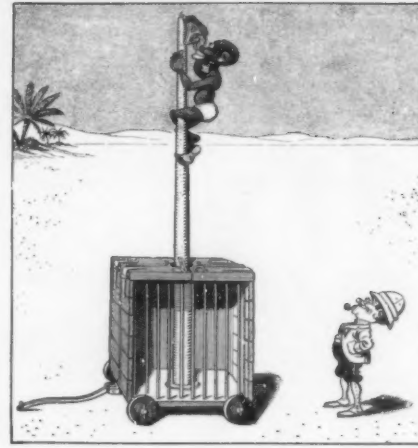
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I.



II.



III.

NON-TALKATIVE.

I've heard the sweeping statement made
That money talks; 't is funny,
For certain species not verbose —
The kind known as hush-money.

IT MADE A GREAT DIFFERENCE.

REGINALD HAMHAM (*the light comedian*).—
Whenever you are in Syracuse, stop at the
Wockwock Hotel. They only charge one dollar
and seventy-five cents a day.

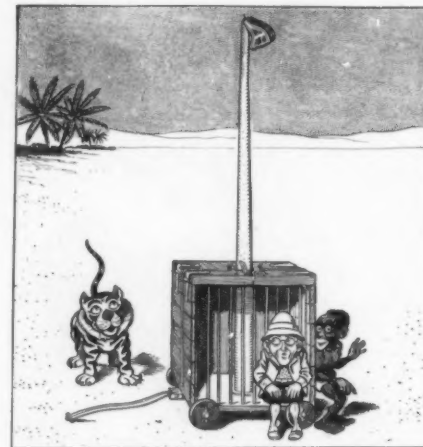
ORESTES NIGHTSTAND (*the heavy tragedian*).—
Before, or after?

LIGHT.

"You have money to burn," he faltered.
The magnificent creature bit her lip.
"I can not permit you," she replied, coldly,
"to make light of my fortune."
With a queenly gesture she let go of her lip
and attacked the porterhouse steak with nerve
not unmingled with finesse.



IV.



V.

PIONEERS.

SHE.—And Chinese civilization is very old,
is it not?

HE.—Very. China was the first
nation in which women wore shoes
which were too small for them.

AN ILLUSTRATION.

"No," said the man in
the audience, emphatically;
"that's all wrong. That
is n't what I was thinking
of, at all!"

"Ladies and gentle-
men," said the mind
reader, with a super-
cilious sneer, "it has
been well said that
many people do not
know their own
minds."



VI.

A THEORY.

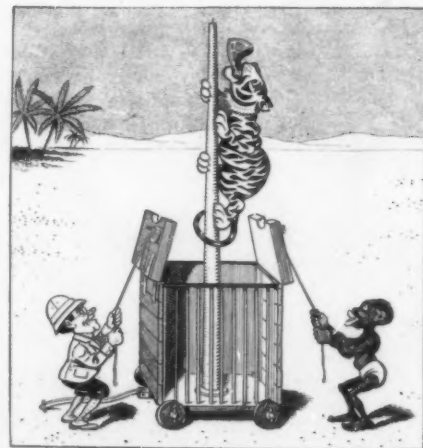
JOHNNY.—Papa?

PAPA.—Well?

JOHNNY.—Does
"the sleep of the
just" mean the
naps they take in
church?

"BEAUTIFUL
DAY!" ob-
served the first
pedestrian,
brightly, as they
passed.

"Yes," admitted the
Chronic Grumbler,
reluctantly; "but how
inappropriate to the
season of the year!"



VII.



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NO GREAT DANGER.

MRS. MATCHER (*pointedly*).—O Mr. Coldcash! if I could only see
my dear daughter Angeline happily married, I should die content.

MR. COLD CASH (*sympathetically*).—O Mrs. Matcher! I don't think
you'll die for a great many years yet!



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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

YELLOW PAPERS
DON'T MAKE
YELLOW PEOPLE.

THE "MAINE" DISASTER gave New York's "yellow" newspapers a rare opening for misbehavior of the entirely vicious sort. Scarcely had news of the explosion come when they announced that it had been the work of an enemy, showed just how the enemy had done it, and quoted high government officials as agreeing with them. Of course these stories were "fakes" in every detail, and, of course, it was a vicious and indecent and unfeeling thing to try to make capital out of the awful calamity that befell our good ship and our good men. But, after all, it was an offence chiefly against good taste, and one that can be properly punished only by public opinion. The timid folks who are ever afraid that these "yellow" journals are going to "plunge the country into war" credit them with an influence which they clearly do not possess. Noting the garblings, the misrepresentations, the unvarnished lies and the evil purpose back of it all, they argue that nothing short of a rigid press-censorship can properly safeguard the country. A little reflection will restore these fearsome ones to ease of mind.

In the first place, all censorships in the realm of pure morals and good taste are vicious, and a press-censorship is the most vicious of all because the right of free speech is the right held highest by every instinct of the individual. A bill providing for a press-censorship, lately introduced at Albany, was so flagrant an offence to our form of government that it was hardly taken seriously by its critics, while its sponsors were apparently ashamed to defend it.

There is positively but one safeguard against the diseased journalism that has been so unusually nauseating for the past two weeks, and that is the common-sense decency of the people. And this is wholly an adequate safeguard, in spite of the scared ones who are forever wanting laws passed to make over human nature. People wise enough to make their own government are too wise to be hoodwinked by the cheap and nasty stuff put out by the *World* and the *Journal*. If this were not so we would now be at war with Spain, for the proprietors of those papers have foregone no device that their theatrical minds could suggest to bring about such a war.

The absurdity of crediting such papers for one moment with a millionth part of the influence which they claim to wield is easily detected. Take their files for the first ten days after the "Maine" disaster, and read only their circus-poster headlines,—a string of frenzied, hysterical, lying incendiaryisms—and then just remember how really calm and dignified and decent, how truly *great* our people were under a monstrous affliction that was also dangerously suggestive. By so comparing them the flaring



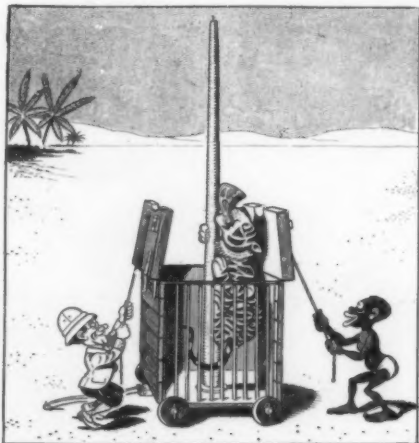
CONSPUEZ ZOLA!

(From the "Ulk.")

scareheads of the "yellow" papers are seen to have been as futile as they were vicious in intent.

Very happily, the influence of a man or a newspaper decreases just in proportion as that man or newspaper throws off the restraints of decency. If the law of nature were that such publications waxed in influence in proportion as they became more obscene, more criminal, more reckless, in proportion as they achieved their ideal, in short, they would be a menace; and in that event the publishers of those sheets would long since have begun to learn some useful trade within the cloistered shades of a state institution. But the law of nature being that their influence narrows in the ratio that they achieve their ideal of sensationalism, they are harmless. In the course of time their pages will be occupied by one long shriek and their circulation affidavits, and then, it is fair to assume, they will cease to alarm even the most timid citizen.

All of which makes it proper to remark that this is a good time to remember that we are a big country and a strong people; that gadflies may buzz of war, but that they can not make it; that our ideals are high and our striving toward them constant and earnest; that we would fight with all our hearts and all our strength if we went to war, but that we never have gone and never will go to war upon an issue that is not our own.



VIII.



IX.



X.



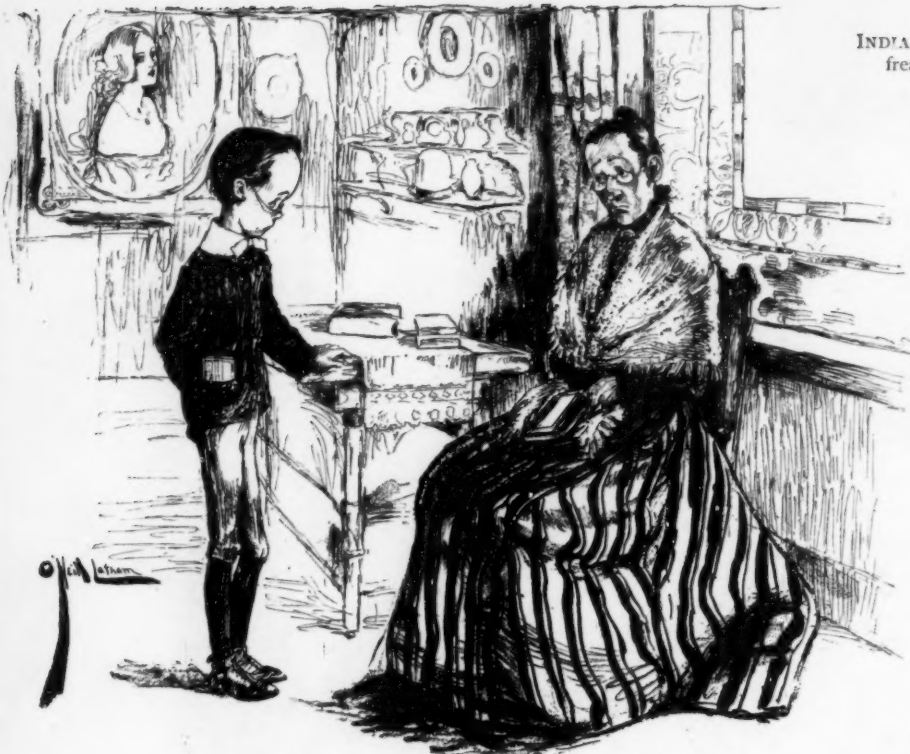
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THE BULL IN THE CHINA DEPARTMENT
WHAT THE EUROPEAN TROUBLE-MAKERS MAY EXPECT

[illegible]

MAY EXPECT IF ENGLAND DOES N'T GET FREE PORTS IN CHINA.

J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.



ENFORCED SABBATH BREAKING.

MRS. BEACON HILL (to her NEPHEW, who has just returned from a visit to New York).—And, Browning, did you always remember to keep the Sabbath Day holy while you were away?
BROWNING (guiltily).—No, Auntie, I did not. But it was not my fault.
MRS. BEACON HILL (shocked).—Not your fault?
BROWNING.—No; Aunt Kate never had baked beans and brown bread Sunday morning, and I had no money to buy them myself.

A NOVELIST'S NOTE-BOOK.

(Hurry-up Observations on Society, Evidently Taken With a View to Writing the Great American Novel.)

LOVE—A pretty taste which women have for making themselves miserable.
BEAUTY—One woman's stone in another woman's shoe.
RELIGION—Halo headache in the mouth.
DRAMA—A visible contention that a lady must live somehow.
MARRIAGE—A riotous, deadhead audience of one.
ARISTOCRAT—A victim of inverted heredity.
LAW—A great, compulsory mud-bath.
CONVERSATION—Matter-of-fact, matter-of-lie, and no matter at all.
BRIDE—A nine days' multitude, and a life-long fraction.
GENTLEMAN—An upholstered thirst.
AMBITION—One man's sickness of another man's health.
GOVERNMENT—Organized irresponsibility.
LIBERTY—One of the higher developments of laborious credulity.
CITIZEN—A tolerated adjunct of public affairs.
SOCIETY—An overruling improvidence.

John Drew.

A HIRSUTE LIKENESS.



MRS. AUBURN may think a great deal of her husband—



—but there is no reason why she should reproduce his features in the making up of her back hair.

IN THE MUSEUM.

INDIA RUBBER MAN.—The manager is going to bring some freaks over from Europe.
THE SWORD SWALLOWER (hotly).—It ought to be stopped! How can we compete with the pauper freaks of Europe?

NOT THAT KIND.

“Old Soak allows nothing to dampen his spirits.”
“No; he never takes water in his.”

HIS CONCLUSION.

PAPA.—Why, no! I have n't any hard feelings toward any of my old school teachers.
GEORGE.—What a long time it must be, Papa, since you went to school!

IN CHICAGO.

“Why, I thought she was an old maid!”
“Next thing to it. She's been married only once.”



SHE READS THE PAPERS.

SHE.—Has any calamity happened to London?
HE.—I don't know of any.
SHE.—Well, the papers say Wall Street was quiet, in sympathy with London!



AMBIGUOUS.

FIRST AMATEUR ACTOR.—The stage manager has only given Gussie Addleton a thinking part!
SECOND AMATEUR ACTOR.—Well, that will be hard lines for Gussie!

HIS THEORY.

MRS. THEOSOPHIST.—I declare, this baby has been crying ever since he was born!
MR. THEOSOPHIST.—Perhaps, my dear, he finds the world sadly changed since he was here before.

A TEST OF INFLUENCE.

IRENE.—She seems to have very little influence with her husband.
MAY.—Indeed?
IRENE.—Yes; she never can get him to spend more than he can afford.

DON'T BELIEVE all who agree with you; some people are bored by argument.

THE CONVALESCENT.

I WAS gaspin' fit to choke
With the disinfectin' smoke
They was burnin'; an' the dark
Kinder smothered me, when—hark!
Somethin' told me I was missed on the
corner.

So I shet my eyes to hear:
When the nuss came creepin' near
With a bowl of measly sago
I was listenin' to a Dago
Singin' "Taddy Addy-Ung," on the corner.

'Course, the fellers had to yell;
An' they did n't need to tell
That whilst I was lyin' there,
Putty near to dyin' there,
Mister Bear was doin' stunts on the corner.

'Cause my hearin' was that keen,
I knowed, jest as if I seen,
That the rope was runnin' slack,
An' the bear was grinnin' back,
As he clumb the willer tree on the corner.

Well, the nuss she felt my wris',
An' she give the clo's a twis',
Kinder straightenin' of 'em, so—
An' she moved as still an' slow,
Like there was n't nothin' doin' at the corner.

Then I hear her whisper, "Wet,
He 'll be better for a sweat;
He 's a-sleepin' peaceful, too."
Betcherlife that I was blue
For the fun that I was missin' at the corner!

Nuss, she chased herself right out,
An' I heard another shout
That I could n't stand. Gee-whiz!
How my tempertoor had riz
With the racket they was raisin' at the corner.

Out-a-bed—my feet was *clubs*,
An' my fingers wuss 'n nubs,
An' they 'd went an' hid my clo's;
But I 'd crep' an' I 'd of froze
'Fore they 'd bluff me when I started for the
corner.

I was wrapped up in a sheet,
It was dragglin' down the street;
I was limpin',—I should smile!
I was sure it was a mile
Where it used to be a step down to the corner.

But a-toilin' on I crep',
With a wobble to my step.
I could see the boys now: Gee!
How excited they will be
When they see me milin' in upon the corner!

An' they wuz! They give one look,
Like a pictur in a book
That I seen. Some kids was there
Bein' devoured up by a bear,
Whilst a bald-head man was cussin' on the corner.

He was dressed like me, behind;
That 's what put it in my mind;
An' the bear was there, besides.
But I never see no slides
C'm'pared with them home runs around the corner.

They skeddaddled left an' right,
Not a soul was left in sight,
Not a Dago, not a bear;
Still of all the racket there
There was nothin' only me upon the corner.

When our folks had brung me back
I was limpey as a sack;
I was almos' took away
By the angels, so they say,
Jest becuz that bear was dancin' on the corner.

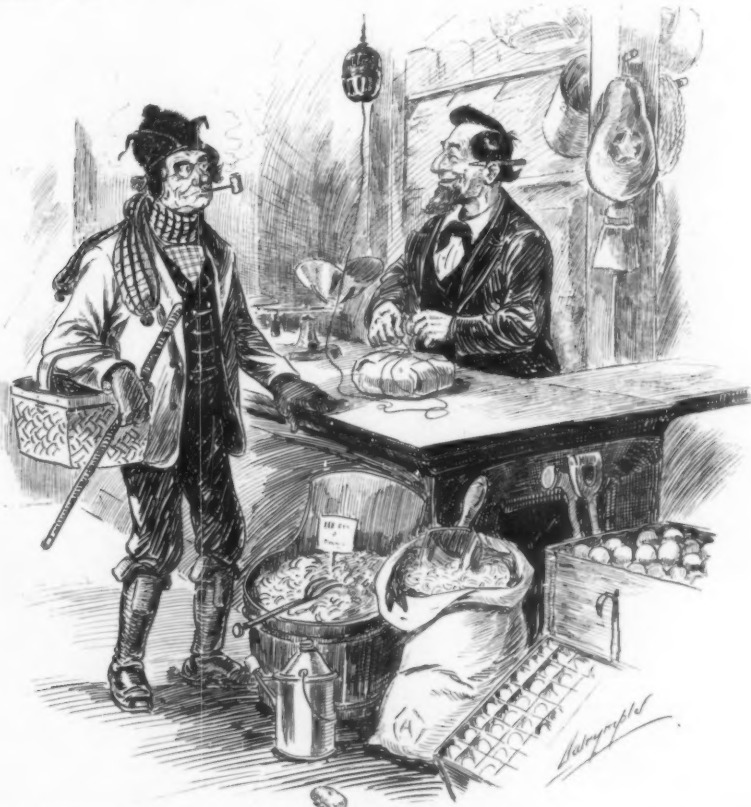
Edgar Mayhew Bacon.

A GENUINE NOVELTY.

"The Editor of the *Moon* has a new scheme to interest the public."

"What is it?"

"He is going to issue a bicycleless number of his paper, in which wheels will not be mentioned at all."



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BEGINNING TO DISSIPATE.

CUSTOMER.—I see the men have begun pitchin' horseshoes ag'in, out in front of the store.

COUNTRY MERCHANT.—Oh, yes! I tell you, there 's no doubt now but that times are gittin' better!

HOW OBSTINATE ARE FACTS!

THERE WAS ONCE a great big Bugaboo that had waxed strong and healthy on a diet of rich lies; and so terrifying was it that it could frighten even really sensible folks almost out of their lives, merely by getting in the middle of the road and rearing its head at them. And it did fearful execution in this line until some incredulous persons arose and said they did n't believe the Bugaboo *could* do anything except frighten people, and that they proposed to do it to death. So they brought guns to bear upon it, that were loaded to the muzzle with Facts, and, wonderful to tell, they blew the Bugaboo all to pieces, so that not enough could be collected from the adjacent landscape to scare a white rabbit.

This sounds like a fairy tale, but it is n't. It 's the plain, every-day truth. There is a very common brand of reform that relies upon deception to gain its ends. In childhood it essays to frighten us into respect for filial authority by tales of "a big black man" who has his lair in the coal cellar, who is always hungry, and who finds no morsel so tempting and toothsome as a disobedient child. When we have grown up it essays to frighten us out of voting the Opposition ticket by frantically shrieking that all the Opposition candidates are murderers, thugs, and horse-thieves.

It is this particular brand of reform that has been for eight or ten years tilting at the "cigarette evil." Only a just Heaven knows why it did not choose the "ice-water evil," the "rare-roast-beef evil," the "tea-and-coffee evil," the "red-necktie evil" or the "golf evil," but it did n't; and it is precisely its dishonesty of method in attack that has been turned against it to its own utter confusion and routing. If the crusaders against the cigarette had been content to attack it legitimately,—that is, on the ground that the tobacco habit in *any* form is injurious, they would at least have been worthy of respect. That is a problem that has found the secret of eternal youth. Since the days when Sir Walter astonished and scandalized his countrymen with the "weed," (the which mean designation may all its true lovers resent!) doctors have disagreed as to the effects of tobacco on the human system. One investigator finds a new disease caused by tobacco; and another checks him with the discovery that it is caused by something entirely different. All we know is that both scientists more than likely smoked during their investigations, and that the persons who die in the daily press at the age of 103 have almost always smoked from early youth.

But the St. Georges, who started out to slay the cigarette dragon, were not content to rest their case on a scientific estimate of the tobacco habit. Nothing short of unmitigated slander would do them; hence, the tales that were told of the poisons that lurked in the cigarette;—of arsenic and morphine and strychnine in its filling, and phosphorus, chlorine, copper, creosote and saltpetre in its paper. Now the result has been that the cigarette has received an official vindication at the hands of science.

In "A Brief for the Cigarette," a paper recently read by Mr. W. H. Garrison before the Medico-Legal Society of New York, the plain truth about the cigarette as disclosed by experts is very interestingly set forth. Such points as the purity and mildness of the tobacco, the harmless character of the paper, the non-injurious effects of cigarette-smoke inhalation, and the absurdity of the stock tales about cigarette "victims" are attested by the best medical authority and the most careful chemical analyses.

It is interesting to look at the results of some of these analyses. For example, the analyst of the New York State Board of Health, Prof. W. G. Tucker, says: "Cigarettes are generally made from tobacco of good quality; sensational statements that they are prepared from the filthiest tobacco and dirtiest refuse are not worthy of credence and can be easily refuted."

Prof. J. C. Wharton, Chemist, of Nashville, Tenn., says: "The analyses of the materials composing these American cigarettes lead me to the conclusion and belief that they are made from well-selected, clean tobacco leaf and a purified article of harmless paper."

Then come the city chemist and assistant city chemist of Chicago, saying: "American cigarettes are made of 'Bright Virginia' (this is a technical term and means a tobacco grown in Virginia and North Carolina and warehoused for three years before it is used), and frequent analyses show that this tobacco contains only from 1 to 1½ per cent. of nicotine. The mildest Havana contains much more, while the best grades of domestic cigars reach as high as 8½ per cent. The paper is about as pure a form of paper as it is possible to get by any means."

Next we have a report to the Massachusetts State Committee on public health, made by Prof. James F. Babcock, for five years Professor of Chemistry in the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy, Professor of Chemistry in Boston University for the same length of time, and State Assayer of Massachusetts for ten years.

"The Fillings. Thorough examination, both chemical and microscopic, showed that the specimens contained no opium, morphine, strychnine or other drug or poison foreign to tobacco. In short, the fillings in every one of the specimens (purchased by the analyst in the open market), were found to consist of tobacco and nothing else."

"The Wrappers. Analyses of the paper wrappers demonstrated the absence of any trace of arsenic, white lead or other poison. The papers were all of excellent quality (rice); in one specimen said to be made from corn husks. These papers contained such elements as are always to be found in the plants producing the fibre from which they are made, and contained no others."

And, finally, there is the statement of Dr. F. W. Robertson, the insanity expert at Bellevue Hospital, who says: "Now, while I say that cigarettes are the least injurious of the methods of smoking, I do not mean to say that the use of tobacco is not harmful. It often is. . . I do claim, however, that there never was a case of insanity which can be traced directly or indirectly to the use of tobacco in any form."

Does it seem curious that the cigarette should so long have been the victim of slander? Well, it is the way of the world. It actually took three centuries for it to discover that the tomato was a vegetable of good character, and would not poison anyone. Thanks to the modern appetite for investigation, the cigarette did not have to wait so long.

THE CELEBRATED SOHMER

Heads the List of the
Highest-Grade Pianos.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the genuine SOHMER Piano with one of a similar sounding name of a cheap grade.

Our name spells—

S-O-H-M-E-R

New York Warerooms, 149-155 East 14th St.

Will remove to new **SOHMER BUILDING**
170 Fifth Ave., cor. 22d Street, about February.

OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

OF THE
AWARD ON GILLOTT'S PENS

AT THE
CHICAGO EXPOSITION.

AWARD: "For excellence of steel used in their manufacture, it being fine grained and elastic; superior workmanship, especially shown by the careful grinding which leaves the pens free from defects. The tempering is excellent and the action of the finished pens perfect."

Approved: **JOHN BOYD THACHER**,
Chairman Exec. Com. on Awards.

Why
is Evans'
the Ale
of to-day



There must be a reason for it.



**HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS,
PAPER WAREHOUSE.**

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BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Hookman Street, NEW YORK.
All kinds of Paper made to order



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A SMALL MATTER OF BUSINESS.

STREET ARAB (as the REV. DR. SAINTLY slips on the icy pavement).—Say, Mister, if yer 'll give me a nickel I'll curse dat sidewalk like h—l fer yer!

Somerset Club Maryland Rye

Takes precedence of all fine Whiskies
For Families, Clubs, Cafés and Hotels.

Has no superior for DELICACY OF FLAVOR and PURITY.

Sold at all first-class Grocers and by Jobbers.

EDW. B. BRUCE & CO.,

BALTIMORE, Md.



BOKER'S BITTERS

An appetizer, promotes digestion, cures dyspepsia, and delicious in drinks.

Between New York and Chicago in 24 hours
New York Central and Michigan Central Route

YOU need something to build you up, to insure a Healthy Appetite, and to bring refreshing sleep. Then, why not try

Pabst Malt Extract
The Best Tonic

It is a Tower of Strength to the Convalescent and a Malt Extract without an equal.

DR. Mary Green, author of "Food Products of the World," says: "For Mothers nursing their Children and for General Debility

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is of special value, as it combines both Tonic and Nutritive Properties."

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The Improved
Boston Garter
Easy and Secure.
Extra Super Webs.
Finest Nickel Trimmings.

The
Velvet Grip
CUSHION BUTTON
—CLASP—
Lies flat to the leg.
Cannot Unfasten
Accidentally.

SOLD EVERYWHERE
Sample Pair
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FINE QUALITY

CABINET

TEN CENT CIGARS

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MAKERS + NEW YORK

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A willing horse is often overworked. So is the stomach. Abbott's Original Angostura Bitters give the much-needed lift. All grocers, druggists.

CANDY Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, prepaid east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,

C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
212 State St., Chicago.

If anything ails your SKIN, SCALP, COMPLEXION or HAIR, don't try self-treatment, but consult Dermatologist JOHN H. WOODBURY, 127 West 42nd Street, New York. Consultation free—charges moderate. Send 20 cents for sample J. H. Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream, Facial Powder and Dental Cream

ESTERBROOK'S STEEL PENS,



The Best Pens Made.

LEADING NUMBERS:

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OTHER STYLES IN GREAT VARIETY.

Ask your Stationer for "ESTERBROOK'S"

THE ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO.,
Works, Camden, N. J. 26 John Street, N. Y.

THE NORTH SHORE LIMITED.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAPS.



GENUINE YANKEE SOAP-10¢
OLDEST AND MOST FAMOUS
SHAVING SOAP IN THE WORLD



WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK
25¢



LUXURY SHAVING TABLET
25¢
ROUND—JUST FITS THE CUP.
DELIGHTFULLY PERFUMED.



WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP (BARBERS')

The kind your Barber should use.
Exquisite for Toilet and Bath.
6 cakes in package—40 cents.
Trial sample for 2-cent stamp.

"Chapped Hands" are an Abomination!

If you are one of the "unfortunates," you may be interested in the following letters:

HOLLAND, MASS., December 1st, 1896.

"For years I have been afflicted with chapped hands. This trouble would appear early in the fall, and annoy me until the warm, dry weather of late spring. As might be inferred, my hands were irritable as well as painful; and then, in the worst form of the trouble, they bled quite freely.

Having access to the standard remedies, I used various applications repeatedly—but none of these remedies afforded me relief.

For some time past I have been using your **Williams' Shaving Soap** (the Barbers' Bar). The result is a blessed one. The chapped condition of my hands has entirely vanished; the cuticle is smooth to the touch; the irritability has disappeared. I have reason for cherishing a strong confidence in the **healing properties** of your soap. I heartily commend it to persons suffering from irritable skin and chapped hands."

Faithfully yours, REV. JOSIAH G. WILLIS, M.D.

St. Louis, Mo.

"I cannot thank you enough for suggesting **Williams' Shaving Soap** for toilet use. This is the first winter in years that I have been free from 'chapped hands.'"

EDWARD C. HOLDEN.

In thousands of families **Williams' Shaving Soap** has for years been regarded not only as an *exquisite luxury*, but also as indispensable for *Toilet, Bath, and Nursery* use.

For keeping the hands soft, white and smooth, its **rich, creamy, healing lather**, is simply marvelous.

TRIAL CAKE, sufficient for a week's use on your washstand—for a 2-cent stamp to pay postage.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAPS—sent by mail on receipt of price if your dealer does not supply you.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Ct., U.S.A.
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SIDNEY, AUSTRALIA: 161 Clarence Street.

VICI

LEATHER DRESSING

It is easy to see which side of this shoe has been polished with Vici Leather Dressing. The lustre, the softness, the look of newness, all testify to the merits of this great medicine for leather.



VICI Leather Dressing

is prepared for all kinds of leather—all kinds of shoes. Sold by all dealers. It is made by the makers of Vici Kid, known and worn the wide world round.

A n instructive book, handsomely illustrated, about shoes and their care, mailed free.

Robert H. Foerderer, Philadelphia, Pa.

We are not Enthusiastic about the



simply earnest.

We do not claim much, only that it is the **Best Bicycle Lamp on Earth**

ITS SUPERIORITY is shown in three principal points:

IT GIVES THE MOST LIGHT
IT STAYS ALIGHT IN SPITE OF WIND AND JAR
IT IS HANDSOME IN APPEARANCE

Send for circular or, better still, send \$2.50 which is the reasonable price at which we sell one, delivered anywhere.

R. E. DIETZ COMPANY,
60 Light Street,

Established in 1840 in the Manufacture of Lamps and Lanterns. New York City.

OPIUM and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. L. Stephens, Dept. A, Lebanon, Ohio.

ANOTHER PROOF THAT THINGS ONLY GO BY COMPARISON.

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This man is suffering intense agony because his shoes are "so small!"



—and this young lady "does n't feel at all dressed," because her shoes are "so large."



PATRONIZE AMERICAN INDUSTRIES
WEAR KNOX'S HATS
MADE BY AMERICAN LABOR



Upheld by Beautiful Women Everywhere

as the finest, most delicately perfumed and purest Toilet Soap manufactured. Always ask for and insist upon having

"No. 4711" WHITE ROSE TRANSPARENT GLYCERINE SOAP. Send 15c. in stamps for sample cake.

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"I can push Mama's O-H to her: she's not very strong."

Reaction never follows the use of O-H Extract of Malt. It builds up the weak as compound interest builds up the bank account.

If your druggist or grocer does not sell our Extract, on receipt of \$2.00 we will send you one case (12 bottles) F. O. B. N. Y. City.

Send for pamphlet.

OTTO HUBER, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Persistent Coughs

A cough which seems to hang on in spite of all the remedies which you have applied certainly needs energetic and sensible treatment. For twenty-five years that standard preparation of cod-liver oil,

SCOTT'S EMULSION

has proved its effectiveness in curing the trying affections of the throat and lungs, and this is the reason why: the cod-liver oil, partially digested, strengthens and vitalizes the whole system; the hypophosphites act as a tonic to the mind and nerves, and the glycerine soothes and heals the irritation. Can you think of any combination so effective as this?



Be sure you get SCOTT'S Emulsion. See that the man and fish are on the wrapper.
50c. and \$1.00, all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

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PERSONALLY-CONDUCTED SPECIAL TRAINS OF SUPERIOR EQUIPMENT

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March 19, \$208.20; one way, \$141.75.
Also Tours to Washington, Old Point Comfort & Richmond.
For itineraries and full information apply to Ticket Agents, Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York; or address GEO. W. BOYD, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.
J. B. HUTCHINSON, J. R. WOOD, General Manager, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Improvement in Pipe Organs.

The tubular "reversed action" is a decided advance in pipe organ building. The \$2,500 instrument at Bowling Green, Ky., now being built by Lyon & Healy, Chicago, is a magnificent specimen of this system and will be the finest organ in Southern Kentucky.

BARKEEPER'S FRIEND

METAL POLISH—Sure, Quick, Easy. Gives a brilliant, durable lustre; never spoils; guaranteed pound box 25c. at dealers. G. W. Hoffman, Mfr., Indianapolis, Ind.



OUR 30 DAY OFFER \$1.00
For 30 days to introduce, we will ship a well '98 Model wheel to any one C. O. D., upon receipt of \$1.00.
You can make BIG MONEY as our agent. We offer choice of Cash, the FREE USE of a sample wheel or outright gift of one or more wheels, according to work done.

INTRODUCTION PRICES:
"Roanoke" 1 1/2 in. tubing, bush joints, 2 piece cranks, M. & W. Tires \$29.00
"Putnam" 1 1/2 in. tubing, 2 pc. cranks, M. & W. Tires \$24.00
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'97 and '98 MODELS, various makes and styles \$12.00 to \$16.00
WHEELS, slightly used, modern types \$5.00 to \$15.00
Ask Catalogue Free. Return Coupon at Once.
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RHEINSTROM BROS. CINCINNATI Angostura Bark Bitters

Best of all Cocktail or Tonic Bitters.

5 Bottle of this is equivalent to a bottle of the best of the others.

1 Bottle is as good as a bottle 2 of most of the others.

For sale by all Leading Jobbers and Retailers.

THAT COAL SURPLUS.

COAL OPERATOR (despondently).—I wish a way could be found to relieve the glut in the coal market.

CONSUMER (confidentially).—Tell the dealers to give better weight.—*New York Weekly.*

A PASTOR'S ODD ANNOUNCEMENT.

A Binghamton pastor recently startled his congregation by the following announcement: "Remember our quarterly meeting next Sunday. The Lord will be with us during the morning service, and the presiding elder in the evening."—*Port Jervis Gazette.*

"WELL, Tommy, what did you learn at kindergarten to-day?" asked the boy's father.

"How to make a caterpillar out of clay," said Tommy.

"And was it a good one?"

"I guess not," said Tommy; "I could n't make it crawl without breaking its back, so I rolled it up into a ball and played marbles with it, and won five glass agates from Bobby Jones."—*Harper's Bazar.*

A HUMANE THOUGHT.

The thrifty woman passed through the room with an overcoat over one arm and a suit of her husband's Winter clothes over the other.

"I suppose," he said, "that you are thinking of putting moth balls into them so as to keep them through the Summer?"

"Of course!"

"I don't see how you can conscientiously do it."

"Why not?"

"If it makes the moths suffer anything like as much as I will when I have to wear those clothes next Fall, it's clearly a case for the S. P. C. A."—*Washington Star.*

THE gossip that the milk men give their patrons should be called "Chalk Talks."—*Atchison Globe.*

THERE is one handy thing about running a newspaper—we don't need a cash register.—*Washington Democrat.*

Good morning! I feel tired. Give me a bottle of Cook's Imperial Champagne. It is the best eye-opener out.

DEWAR'S SCOTCH WHISKY

FREDERICK CLASSUP, Sole Agent for the U. S., 22 W. 24TH ST., NEW YORK

Ball-Pointed Pens

Luxurious Writing!



(H. HEWITT'S PATENT.)

Suitable for writing in every position; glide over any paper; never scratch nor spurt.

Made of the finest Sheffield rolled steel, BALL-POINTED pens are more durable and are ahead of all others

FOR EASY WRITING.

\$1.20 per box of 1 gross. Assorted sample box of 24 pens for 25 cts., post free from all stationers, or wholesale of

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"19 YEAR OLD"
Rambler
BICYCLES
\$60
The highest high grade price that's fair
Agencies all over the world
GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.
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THE Keeley Cure
Alcohol, Opium, Tobacco Using
Produce each a disease having definite pathology. The disease yields easily to the Double Chloride of Gold Treatment as administered at the KEELEY Institute, White Plains, N. Y., or 358 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y. Communications confidential. Write for particulars.

EUROPE. Excursions by first-class Lines March 19, April 16, 20, May 14, 28, June 4, etc.
Tour to JAPAN leaves San Francisco March 22.
HOLY LAND and EGYPT party March 5.
Programmes free from
THOS. COOK & SON,
361 and 1225 Broadway, New York.

"PROTECTION" SOAP.—What is it?—ASK YOUR DRUGGIST | WILLARD CHEMICAL CO., OR BARBER. MALDEN, MASS.

Do not let the clerk sell you any other camera under the name of "Kodak."

There is no

Kodak

but the Eastman Kodak.

\$5.00 to \$25.00.

Catalogues free at Kodak agencies or by mail.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

Rochester, N. Y.

Pine-Olives
(Patent Applied For)
Eat one and you'll eat a dozen.
Wholesome & Appetizing
Most delicious of all Relishes.
A Revelation to Epicures.
They are a combination of Olives, Limoncello and a unique Sauce.
At all Grocers

A MAN these days should cover his legs with barb wire, and even then he is n't safe from having them pulled.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

THE PRICE

is not the only thing that has made

STANDARD PRICES
CRESCENT BICYCLES
SOLD BY AGENTS EVERYWHERE

POPULAR

No finer wheels in looks or quality. Crescent beauty speaks for itself.

Descriptive Catalogue FREE.

Chicago **WESTERN WHEEL WORKS** New York

The Proper Scarves
FOR WELL DRESSED MEN
THE LORNE LA FINETTE
MADE BY
W. O. HORN & BRO., NEW YORK
To be had at all first-class retailers.

W. L. DOUGLAS
300 & 350 SHOES
THE long-wearing qualities of the W. L. Douglas Shoes are appreciated by over a million wearers. It is the shoe for an economical man to purchase. We could not make these permanent customers unless our shoes are as good as we claim. * * * * *
Made in Box Calf, Russia Storm Calf, Black Vici Kid (Kid Lined), French Enamel, Patent Calf, Cordovan, Calf, etc. Australian Kangaroo Tops and Fast-Color Hooks and Eyelets.
Sold in our 54 stores in the large cities and by 5,000 dealers throughout the United States. NONE GENUINE unless W. L. DOUGLAS Name and Price is stamped on bottom. If not convenient to dealers or our stores, why not try our Mail Order Department? We send shoes everywhere on receipt of price with 25 cents extra for carriage. State size and width wanted, we can fit you.
W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.
Catalogue Free.
155 STYLES AND WIDTHS



DRAWING THE LINE.

MANAGER.—Look here, Mr. Plotz, I believe in realism; but I don't think it is necessary to carry it to such extremes.
AUTHOR.—What is that?
MANAGER.—Why, in the second act of this new play of yours the servant is required to break fifty dollars' worth of bric-à-brac every night!

Arnold Constable & Co.
Lyons Silks

Olga and Glacé Poplins, Check Poplins, Fleur de Velour, Peau de Soie, Barré Stripes, Plaid Taffetas, Printed Foulards, Rongeants, White Silks and Satins for Wedding Gowns, Novelties for Bridesmaids' Dresses.

Broadway & 19th St.
NEW YORK.

Dr. Siegel's Angostura Bitters, the most efficacious stimulant to excite the appetite, keeps the digestive organs in order.

IT PAYS TO BE A WRITER

Journalists and authors win money, fame and power. Men and women can qualify themselves for practical literary work during their leisure hours. Practical training in reporting, editing and story writing at home.

JOURNALISM TAUGHT BY MAIL.
Thorough knowledge of newspaper work. Actual experience from the start. Corps of instructors composed of eminent journalists. An instructive book, giving full details, mailed free.
National Correspondence Institute (Inc.)
55 Second National Bank Building,
Washington, D. C.

Excursion Tickets to Hot Springs, Ark., via Pennsylvania Railroad.

This celebrated "Carlsbad of America," one of the most attractive and healthful places in all our land, is reached, via the matchless trains of the Pennsylvania Railroad, in forty-five hours from New York. Pullman sleeping-car service the entire distance. Special round-trip tickets, good to return at any time within three months, are sold at rate of \$63.85 from New York; \$58.85 from Philadelphia; and \$52.85 from Baltimore and Washington.

The unapproachable service of the Pennsylvania Railroad has long made it the popular route between the East and the West.

HARTFORD RUBBER WORKS CO.
THE HARTFORD RUBBER WORKS CO.
Rubber gathering and tire making are fully illustrated in our handsome new catalogue by over a hundred photographic reproductions. Incidentally you will learn why Hartford Tires are better than many others. We send the catalogue to anyone on receipt of a two-cent stamp.
The Hartford Rubber Works Co., HARTFORD, CONN.
BOSTON. MINNEAPOLIS. CHICAGO.
DENVER. BALTIMORE. TORONTO.
BUFFALO. ST. LOUIS. CLEVELAND.

THE early bird which has such excellent qualities is not the one you eat at two o'clock in the morning.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

The enviable record of the **DAYTON BICYCLE**
on track, road and boulevard last year warrants us in the expectation that the '98 Dayton with its sensible improvements, will be first on your list this season.
Easy to Purchase-- Easy to Propel.
1898 Catalogue Ready.
Manufactured by the **Davis Sewing Machine Co., Dayton, Ohio, U. S. A.**
EUROPEAN OFFICE: No. 24 Aldersgate St., London, England.
NEW ENGLAND AGENCY: Bigelow & Downe Co., No. 229 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.
METROPOLITAN AGENCY: Tinkham Cycle Co., No. 306-310 W. 60th St., New York, N. Y.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST for a generous 10 CENT TRIAL SIZE.

ELY'S CREAM BALM
CURES COLD IN HEAD CATARRH ROSE-COLD HEADACHE DEAFNESS HAY-FEVER
TRADE MARK
ELY BRO'S NEW YORK
50 CENTS

ELY'S CREAM BALM contains no cocaine, mercury nor any other injurious drug. It opens and cleanses the Nasal Passages. Allays Pain and Inflammation. Heals and Protects the Membrane. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Is quickly absorbed. Gives Relief at once. 50 cts. at Druggists or by mail; Trial Size 10 cts. at Druggists or by mail.
ELY BROTHERS, 66 Warren Street, New York

AT A WOMAN'S CLUB.

T WAS a debating club for women. She
A maiden young, unparliamentary,
Of recent acquisition, and her eyes
Grew round with wonder as the women made
And carried various motions, by the aid
Of Cushing, or as Robert's Rules advise.

She could not understand the reason for
Their often saying some one "had the floor;"
Or why they talked so much of eyes and nose,
Of constitutions, by-laws, rules — and then,
They called one woman Mrs. Chairman when
Her name was Jones, as everybody knows.

With parliament'ry skill they talked of art;
Of science, letters, of a woman's part
In the great struggle for existence. Next,
They lightly touched on archeology;
Discussed with spirit foreign policy,
And finally made "Style and Dress" their text.

'T was done in irony, for they were far
Above such mundane things, as women are
When ciubbed sufficiently. But it was now
The maiden rallied, for she knew full well
The latest cut of sleeves or skirt, could tell
The shops for bargains, where to buy, and how.

A frowzy dowager in scornful rage
Descanted on the follies of the age,
Among them rank extravagance in clothes;
But here the maid, all eager and abrupt
To tell of what she knew, did interrupt,
And even showed her latest "bargain" hose.

She gave advice and counsel, told them where
To go for gowns and bonnets; — what to wear —
And they in frozen silence listened; glared
At her, dumbfounded for the nonce, while she
Continued talking, all unconsciously,
Nor wondered why the others sat and stared.

At last she paused; — she had no more to tell —
The charm was broken, down the gavel fell.
"You're out of order, Madam!" roared the chair.
The maiden seemed bewildered, shook her skirt,
Examined her neat gloves, then, looking hurt,
She hesitated, blushed, and stammered, "Where?"

Lawrence K. Russel.

